

Sloop! Claire tried to hide her grimace with a wide smile as the lunch lady dropped a whole spoonful of watery mashed potatoes onto Claire's pale grey lunch tray. A perfect companion for the too-brittle-to-chew carrots and the murky uncertainty going by the name of 'mystery meat.' Though the stench made her stomach turn in on itself, Claire just smiled sweetly and stepped away from the lunch counter.

Lunch hour was a somber time for Claire, these days. It used to be the only time of day she shared a period with her beloved Hannah. Unfortunately, due to unjust and unsavory circumstances, Hannah had been suspended. Without her, every day felt like an eternity! But while Hannah was away, Claire promised to herself that she'd make Hannah proud of her! And the best way to do so? Continue her tradition of prankering that bubble-butt dork Candice! Which is where the disgusting slop the school called 'lunch' came in. Typically, Claire never dared get lunch from the school - she'd always pack her own, usually a crisp, clean salad and some organic sparkling beverage - both of which she had packed today. See, technically, this slop of a lunch wasn't for her.

Claire scanned the cafeteria before she saw Candice standing by the condiments, carefully assembling a stack of napkins to bring back to her seat. Today, Candice was wearing a yellow button-down shirt and a pair of light brown khakis that fit quite snugly over her impeccable tuchus. Target acquired! Trying to look nonchalant, Claire strolled over towards Candice. A plan was concocted in Claire's head, and step one was about to begin!

As Candice finished collecting her giant collection of napkins, Claire inched her way closer and let her tray rest on her fingertips. That put her in the perfect position. When Candice abruptly turned around to head back to her seat, Claire was standing in just the wrong spot at the right time! "Ah!" Both girls yelped as Candice bumped into Claire, 'accidentally' knocking the tray from her hands! Mashed potatoes and mystery meat slopped all over Candice's clothes, yellow shirt spattered with chunky brown stains, khakis coated in mashed potatoes. Claire's tray clattered to the floor, and Candice's napkins floated over it like falling leaves.

"Oh my goodness, I'm so sorry!" Claire fretted around Candice, sounding as apologetic as possible.

"Eugh... No, no, it's my fault. I'm a dumb klutz..." Candice groaned as she kicked to knock mashed potatoes off her knee. When she looked up, she hesitated, brow furrowed but eyes wide. "Oh hey, you're Claire, right? Hannah's friend?"

More than her friend! Claire wanted to yell, but controlled herself. "Yes, yes I am! And I'm so sorry! I wasn't paying attention, and now your clothes are ruined!"

Candice grimaced as she brushed cold mystery meat off her shoulder. "I wasn't either. Eugh... The one day I don't bring my own lunch..."

Claire couldn't help but giggle. "Same here. Never again."

Candice smiled. "I hear that." But then the mystery meat got colder and she grimaced again.

"I'm sorry," Claire repeated. "I feel so terrible!"

"It's alright," Candice insisted. "Guess it's gonna be another gym clothes day."

Claire shook her bright blue bob. "The rest of the day in those sweaty old things? Awful!" Claire pretended an idea just hit her. "Here, I've got something better. Meet me in the restroom?" Claire scampered off before Candice could reply.

It took Candice a while to finally move from the spot. She watched Claire go with a mix of suspicion and uncertainty. She knew well enough how friendly Claire was with Hannah, but Candice didn't get the sense that she was half as dangerous. In fact, something about Claire's cheerful innocence spoke to her, remind-

ed her of an old friend. So Candice made her way to the restroom to meet her. Of course, she had to endure plenty of heckles along the way. "No wonder you don't like to wear clothes, you just make a mess of 'em!" "Now you need to learn to dress yourself AND feed yourself, nerd?" Candice tried to take it in stride, grateful her clothes were at least kept on this time. And wasn't that a depressing thought, that THAT was something to be grateful for? Still, she ended up jogging the rest of the way.

Candice waited in the restroom for a few minutes before Claire popped in, smiling. She was holding some folded clothes, a dark pink tank top and a skirt with a matching pink and black checkered pattern. "Here, something cleaner!" Claire offered the clothes to Candice with a wide smile she hoped came off as genuine.

After a moment of hesitation, Candice accepted the clothing. "Are these yours? They're... brighter than your usual style."

Claire shook her head. "They're my Hannah's. Some of her hand-me-downs, but I'm not..." Claire made indistinct hand gestures around her torso, "proportioned like she is. They're big on me. But they'll probably be just your size!"

Candice frowned. "Why're you keeping these in your locker?"

The question made Claire scramble for a moment. "Emergencies?!" Claire accidentally blurted the word out too loudly, and probably smiled to widely to compensate.

As suspicious as Candice was, clothes were clothes, and she smiled and nodded to Claire. "I should probably do something like that these days." She laughed, and Claire laughed too, but too loudly, too forced. Still smiling way too wide, Claire quickly darted out of the restroom before she could incriminate herself further.

It seemed awkward at first, putting on Hannah's clothes, but Candice shrugged and entered a stall to put them on. As she sorted out the clothing items in the stack, Candice discovered there was some underwear there too, a pair of beige panties. Ew! Hannah's old underwear! Not exactly ideal!

Candice hadn't been wearing underwear since Hannah's suspension, letting her laundry pile up back home. Truth be told, she preferred to go commando. It just felt nice to her! However, with her propensity for getting into kinky mishaps, Candice often felt like if she didn't wear her underwear, then that just made it easier to be stripped later. Since Hannah was gone, Candice had been enjoying her freedom down there, but as she slid her khakis off her legs and stood there bottomless, she gave the panties another look. Hannah might be gone, but though Emma was going under the radar these days - keeping out of sight on account of being seen naked in front of the whole school - she was still lurking around. And who's to say what whims might strike Luna at any time? Underpants meant wedgies, but they also meant preventing one downward pull from baring Candice's beads and butt cheeks to the entire hallway.

As icky as it was, Candice decided her safest bet was just to put on the panties. She pulled them on, and they mostly fit fine, but they seemed a bit tight, especially around her butt. That made Candice grin. Got a small butt, Hannah? Bet she wished she had a booty like this! Candice even reached around and smacked her ample ass, gloating to herself, before remembering she was in the school bathroom. Sheepishly and silently, Candice pulled on the tank top and skirt, which fit perfectly fine, but felt strange at first, almost plasticky. Still, comfy enough, and free of unspecified lunchmeat. Balling up her dirty clothes, Candice crept out from the stall, breathing a sigh of relief seeing no one else there. Claire had actually pulled through! Smiling, Candice left the bathroom, feeling a renewed sense of confidence. Maybe it was going to be an alright day after all!

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The rest of the day went by rather well for Candice! At first she felt awkward about wearing the new clothes

s. Hannah's choice of outfit was more risqué than Candice's usual style. Though it wasn't anything skimpy that would get her in trouble for dress code violations, the tank top still went low enough on her chest that an inch or two of her cleavage was visible, and the skirt stopped in the middle of her thighs, rather than below the knee like she preferred. Candice wasn't a fan, generally, of putting herself on display. But as the day went on, her confidence grew bit by bit. She was turning heads! Her classmates smiled and wolf-whistled at her, but not mocking, genuinely! Candice felt really good, like a million bucks! As she walked down the hallway, she let her hips drift side to side a bit more, strutting her stuff. She undid her high pony to let her blonde hair cascade over her shoulders. Maybe this kind of style shouldn't be a one-time deal!

As Candice strode down the hallway at the end of the day, she saw Claire fidgeting with something in her locker, standing on her tip-toes to look at it. When Candice got close enough, she called out, "Hey, Claire!"

Startled, Claire jumped and nearly slammed her head against the locker, but when she turned to Candice, she was smiling. "Hey!"

"Thanks again for the clothes!" Candice emphasized her appreciation. "I really owe you one!"

Claire shook her head. "I'm the one that messed up your other clothes, remember? We're even."

Grinning, Candice nodded. "Thanks again!" Then Candice continued down the hallway, almost skipping as she went.

Claire watched the bubble-butt dork go, still grinning to herself as she turned to her locker and fished out a small remote. No, thank YOU, Candice! Now step two of my plan can begin! Claire laughed to herself.

Truthfully, the clothes Claire had given Candice were never Hannah's. What they were, actually, was Claire's latest invention! They were made with a special material of Claire's own design, a material that could become completely transparent with the push of a button! Claire looked at the remote with that very button with anticipation. If all went according to plan, the clothes Candice was now wearing could instantly become invisible!

After another moment of excitement for everything coming together, Claire looked up after Candice continuing down the hallway. Carefully, Claire hovered her finger over the button on the remote corresponding to the tank top Candice was wearing. Time to see what's underneath! Claire tapped the button. It took a few seconds, long enough for Claire to start worrying, but sure enough, after a moment, Candice's tank top vanished!

Candice continued her walk down the hall to get to her locker, and right under her very nose, the dark pink tank top she was wearing lost all its color, before it was completely invisible. Heads were turning toward Candice, alright! She was walking down the hallway without a shirt, only a pale blue bra! But she didn't notice! Why would she? She still felt the tank top on her body! As the students by the lockers turned one by one to watch Candice strut past in her bra, snickering and smirking, Candice just good-naturedly smiled and waved, believing she was getting the same attention she had been getting all day! Little did she know!

Claire tried to stifle her cackling, to be sure Candice couldn't hear her. It didn't take long for the shirtless Candice to reach her locker. As Candice spun the combination lock, Claire impishly pushed a second button, one to turn Candice's skirt invisible. Just as the locker door opened, poof, the skirt was invisible too! Students began to laugh, Candice not realizing why: she was standing in the hallway in only underwear! Looking around, Candice just smiled and waved. Everyone was so friendly today! She had no idea it was because everyone was laughing at her undies, especially her too-tight panties that meant an inch of her ass-crack was on display!

As Candice put books in her locker from her backpack, she bent fairly deep into her locker, sticking her poorly-covered bubble butt out into the hallway and giving the nearby onlookers a better view of her butt cheeks.

eks peeking out from her panties. Perfect timing! Claire was smiling so hard her face hurt! Time to give them a better show! And so Claire tapped a third switch on the remote, the one linked to the panties she had given Candice.

Only nothing happened. Claire, confused, waited a moment before clicking the button a few more times. Candice continued to busy herself in her locker, still ignorant to her clothing having disappeared, unaware that the way she was confidently wiggling her hips was actually giving the crowd behind her what was almost a strip-tease, but the beige panties kept covering her butt, though the fabric was definitely being pushed to its limits by Candice's massive derriere. Was that not the pair of disappearing panties? Must not be, Claire concluded. Probably to be expected, honestly. Like, why would Candice decide to put on underwear she thought was Hannah's? Though Claire couldn't help but be a smidge disappointed, the plan was still working! Candice still had no idea she was walking around in her underwear! Still grinning, Claire inched her way down the hall, taking out her phone and starting to take a video. Hannah's gonna love this!

Candice finally emerged from her locker, but balked when she turned and saw the crowd forming around her. She became sheepish, just bashfully waving. "Um... hi everyone?" Maybe this outfit was getting her too much attention... The smiles on people's faces were unnerving. And why were they laughing? Were their phones out? I'm not that hot in this outfit, am I? Candice asked herself.

Everyone continued to laugh at Candice. "What's up, Candice?" Tracey called out. "Running out of clothes these days?"

What? What was she talking about? Candice looked down at her body, but sure enough, her new pink tank top and checkered skirt were still on her body. Claire snickered from down the hall. As soon as Tracey had opened her mouth, Claire adjusted the remote so Candice's clothes were once again visible. Why let the fun end so soon?

Meanwhile, Candice just frowned, shaking her head. These people will find anything I do embarrassing, she thought. Maybe this style isn't for me after all. Pushing past the crowd and hugging textbooks over her chest, Candice marched down the hallway, ignoring the giggles and laughs that followed her, completely unaware Claire had turned her clothes invisible again, completely unaware how it looked to everyone like she was marching in her underwear. Claire followed close behind with her phone camera raised, as did most of the other students following her out.

Candice - still uncovered - marched all the way to the front doors of the school. Heads kept turning, but Candice just ignored them, just like she ignored Claire and all the others following her out. Candice only slowed down once she pushed open the front doors to the school, marching out into broad daylight. Plenty of students were milling around waiting for carpools or chatting with their friends, but when Candice stepped outside, everyone stopped dead in their tracks and looked at the nerd wearing no clothes. Then they all joined the crowd behind Candice in laughing at her and taking pictures.

This was insane! Why was everyone making fun of Candice over a simple change of clothes? Furious, Candice yelled out, "So what if I'm trying out a new style? I think we should all try new things! I'm proud of who I am! And I happen to like this-..."

Candice's tongue froze as she finally looked down at her body. Her pink tank top, her checkered skirt, they were gone! Candice was standing in her underwear in front of everybody! "AAAHHHHH!" Candice yelled and dropped all her books, frantically trying to cover her cleavage, her ass-crack, from everyone laughing and snapping photos.

"Aw, I'm sure you like this style, Candice!" "You should come to school everyday like this! It's so you!" The crowd cheered in agreement as they formed a ring around Candice.

Claire was having trouble steadyng the camera, she was laughing so hard! This had gone so much better than she had planned! 'I happen to like this'? Oh boy, Hannah was going to have a field day with this one

! And she was going to be so proud of Claire, Claire just knew it! Claire could already hear Hannah's sweet soprano voice, 'What genius, Claire! I was wrong to have ever doubted you, Claire! You're so smart and pretty!' Claire almost hopped up and down with victorious glee. "Take that, Candice!" she shouted. "I got you! You're so embarrassed! That's what you get for going against my beloved Hann—"

Claire's voice broke as soon as she looked down. Where was her skirt?! Claire was standing outside in her bright red panties! "AH!" Claire yelped, dropping her phone to cover herself. What happened? Why was her skirt gone? But she felt something around her legs? Oh no, her skirt was still there! It was invisible! Claire was in such a rush that morning, she mixed up her laundry and accidentally put on the skirt she used for testing the invisibility! It must have vanished when Candice's did without Claire even realizing! Had she walked through school like that, without a skirt on?!

Pale face now bright red, Claire darted her gaze around the front of the school. Most everyone was focused on Candice, fencing her in as she tried to run off. Claire's shouting must have gotten lost in the noise. No one was looking at Claire yet, but it was only a matter of time! Without thinking, Claire pulled out the remote and pressed the button to replace her skirt. In seconds, her skirt was back to full visibility. That was close! But over in the crowd, Claire watched as Candice's skirt came back too. "What the?!" Candice briefly stopped trying to cover up as her skirt magically did the covering for her. Of course, she was still without a shirt, and the crowd continued to badger her. Candice, meanwhile, just kept praying her tank top would magically reappear too.

Claire was at a crossroads. It would embarrass Candice so much more if that skirt was gone again, but then Claire's would vanish and the crowd could turn to her! The solution, Claire decided, would be splitting the difference. On the remote was a dial for an experimental function, in that it ideally would only make part of Candice's skirt invisible. Claire backed up until her butt was against the wall of the school. If she made the back of their skirts vanish, she could keep covered, while Candice's most notable asset would be revealed to everyone! It wasn't a feature Claire had tested much, but she figured it was now or never! She turned the dial.

It took a second, but eventually, the back of Candice's skirt became invisible again. Since she was using both arms to cover her chest, her panty-clad backside was clear for everyone behind her to see! It took a few moments for Candice to realize why things had gotten noisier behind her, and when she saw her butt barely concealed by the beige fabric, she freaked out again. "Ahhh! Whyyyy?!" Getting flustered, Candice alternated between covering her butt crack and her cleavage, trying desperately to hide herself as the cameras kept flashing. From her spot on the wall, Claire grinned, though she was still a bit red knowing what she was pushing against the wall.

But the grin was short-lived. The remote grew hotter and hotter in Claire's hand before it suddenly sputtered out sparks, short-circuiting. "What? Oh no no no!" Claire looked down and saw her skirt blinking in and out of sight, flickering out like a lightbulb. And in front of her, the crowd oohed and aahed as the same effect hit Candice, her clothes flickering on and off again. What the heck was happening?!! Finally, both girls' clothes flickered one last time before remaining invisible, Claire without a skirt, Candice without any clothes, all in one of the most popular places at the school.

As the metaphorical dust settled, some of the students had turned towards Claire's way, seeing the blue-haired goth standing off to the side in her underpants. Blushing red, Claire moved off the wall to run, only to freeze. Her panties were flickering the same way her skirt had, giving the crowd a strobing view of her crotch. What?! No no no! The underwear Candice was supposed to have gotten, Claire was wearing it instead! And that meant... With a gulp, Claire looked down and, sure enough, the panties vanished, making her appear completely bottomless in front of everyone. "AHHHHHHH! NOOOO!" Claire shrieked as more and more people turned to see the clueless goth with her pale pussy and butt cheeks out to see! Phone cameras started flashing!

Claire tried and tried to get the remote to work again, but it wouldn't respond! It was completely fried! Dropping it to put both hands over her crotch, Claire turned to run back into the school, only to stop and scoop

up her fallen phone, giving the cameras a quick shot of her sheet-white butt bent over. "No! No pictures! This wasn't supposed to happen!" Phone over her crotch and a hand trying to cover her butt, Claire awkwardly streaked back into the school, a horde of flashing cameras at her heels! How did this turn on her?! Now she was going to be the one on social media! I'm going to get Candice, Claire swore! She won't turn it on me next time! The next plan will be foolproof!

Back outside the school, most of the crowd had dispersed around Candice. Candice had turned to see Claire just as the goth streaked off, her tight buns jiggling away. Was that Claire? Was she part of this? Made sense enough... Candice sighed. She had really wanted to trust Claire for some reason. But she should have known better. Candice bent over to scoop up her dropped books.

RIP!

Candice froze, eyes wide. Those panties were too small! They finally ripped straight down the back, Candice realized as the beige fabric dropped down her legs and around her ankles. And if her skirt wasn't visible... With horror, Candice turned around and saw that nothing was hiding her ass anymore, as she bent over and bared it right at the school, accidentally mooning everyone inside. She could see the cameras flashing behind the windows! Everyone was taking pictures of her butt! "Nooooo!" Kicking the ripped panties away, Candice held a book over her big 'bare' bubble butt as she ran through the parking lot, praying that she still had her car keys somewhere in her invisible skirt!

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That night, Claire texted Hannah. "HEY! Pranked Candice realllll good today for you :DD" And she attached the video she had taken, full of nervous energy. It didn't take long, however, for Hannah to respond.

"Idiot."

Confused and dismayed, Claire looked back at the video, only to realize what had happened. Either the phone had glitched out after being dropped, or Claire didn't press record and the fall was the one to start it. The video just showed an upskirt view of Claire as her skirt and panties vanished before Claire ran off, only to race back and pick up the phone to hold it against her pussy. Candice wasn't even in the video! Only the most embarrassing parts for Claire...

Throwing her phone so it skipped off her mattress, Claire flopped onto her bed in a huff. Next time would be different, she promised the emo band posters on the wall. Hannah was going to be impressed by Claire, so impressed! And Claire laid on her bed for many more hours, that night, dreaming of plans to make Candice more humiliated than ever.